

NEWS AROUND THE CITY.

Mrs. M. Stone is very sick.

Miss Grace Moore of Kansas City Mo., is at the Stone

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair of Guthrie are in the city looking for a location.

Mrs. Lucile Gibson of 1510 S. Cheyenne will spend the holidays in Mississippi with her brother.

Mrs. A. Scott of 406 N. Hartford is in possession of a fine bouncing girl. Mother and child doing well. Child weighed 12 lbs. Mr. Scott is all smiles. The treats are on you, Scottie.

You talk about fine art work, visit Mrs. W. D. Woods private Art Studio on Williams St. in Gurley addition and see some of her fine art decorated china.

Have you seen that 32 rooms hotel at 420 E. Archer? It is a beauty and up to date. Mr. Matt Sandrage and Mrs. Sandrage, Proprietors.

Mrs. Stone of 503 E. Archer has returned from a trip to Inola, Okla., where she went to attend the funeral of her niece Miss Pearl Hickim-botton whose death occurred on 10th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Searcy of Muskogee are at the Stone, 503 E. Archer.

Mr. J. Bundy of Wetumpka, Okla., was a visitor to the Star office Thursday.

Mrs. Joseph P. Smith has returned from Chicago and has made her home with Mrs. R. N. Holt of 313 N. Hartford.

Rev. R. N. Holt has recently resigned his position as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Red Bird. He has since taken charge of the First Baptist Church at Sand Springs, also the Sand Springs schools.

Mrs. Annie De Bose of Tallahassee and Mrs. Tennessee Pitt, of Kansas City, Mo., mother and aunt of Mrs. Stella Stovall are visiting in the city. They were entertained Monday night at a luncheon given at the home of Mrs. Z. E. Holderness 316 N. Frankfort. The luncheon was strictly feminine, not even the reporter for The Star being admitted.

Mr. Matt Sandrige and wife Mrs. B. Sandrige has opened a 32 room hotel on E. Archer St.

Rev. A. C. Capers Pastor of The Tabernacle Baptist Church at Oklahoma City preached at the First Baptist Church of this city Monday night.

Mr. Harry Montague a prominent citizen of Muskogee was in the city this week on business and was a pleasant visitor at the Star office while here. He also visited the editor and his family old friends.

Mehatkah, an Osage Indian and his wife was in Tulsa last week taking treatment of Dr. Dearman for rheumatism. While here they stopped at the Capital Hotel.

Wanted

Agents for THE TULSA STAR in every state in the Union. You can make a good salary by representing one of the leading race papers if you will work.

Write today The Tulsa Star, 115 N. Greenwood Tulsa, Okla

Read THE STAR

A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY

How Grandmother's Heart Was Gladdened by Remembrances From the Children.

"Grandmother Jessup!" Stella's tone was distinctly accusing; it was evident that grandmother had something to answer for. Grandmother, from her invalid chair, looked across at the girl who stood at her bureau drawer. She had endured years of pain and weakness; but they had not succeeded in quenching the spirit in the frail figure; her voice was as saucy as a girl's.

"Not guilty—what is it?" "It's your handkerchiefs. How many dozen have you?" "Seven or eight. You see, I have seven of the dearest grandchildren in the world. It's queer, isn't it, that your nose should be so especially honored when you grow old?"

But Stella's gray eyes forgot to laugh back at grandmother's. Something had disconcerted her. She put the handkerchiefs back, made some trivial excuse, and ran up to her own room, where her sister and cousins were holding a Christmas conclave.

"I wonder," she burst out, "that grandmother can endure Christmas at all!"

"What under the sun do you mean?" Corinne and Isabella exclaimed together.

"Corinne, what did you give grandmother for Christmas last year?"

"A box of handkerchiefs. Why?"

"And you, Isabella?"

"An embroidered handkerchief with little weeny initials."

"Mollie?"

"Two handkerchiefs," Mollie confessed. "There didn't seem to be anything else—except slumber slippers, and Aunt Maria always knits those."

"And Laurie and I gave her handkerchiefs. We always give her handkerchiefs—because she's old, and they're the easiest thing to think of! Girls—she isn't old—she's as young as any of us down in her heart, and she loves pretty things just as much as ever. This year let's give her the biggest surprise of her life—a Christmas that will make her really happy."

"But how—what—" Corinne stammered.

"What do we like best—each of us?"

"Jewels!" "Books!" "Hand embroidery!" "Candy!" "Silk stockings!" The answers came in a laughing shower.

"Well, then, why not? Grandma'd love a bit of jewelry from us—chosen just for her. And books—not 'Thoughts of Cheer,' as if she were melancholy, but love stories that end well. And why not embroider her something? And if not silk stockings, then a pair of slippers with tiny velvet bows. As for candy, she'd love to have it to pass round, even if she couldn't eat much herself."

"And let Bob and Archie send her their absurd jokes as they do to the rest of us? It doesn't seem—respectful."

"But grandma doesn't want to be seemed-respectful-to," Stella declared. "She'd just love to be counted in with the rest of us, little vanities and jokes and all. O girls, try it once and see!"

And that was the way the Christmas conspiracy started. Grandmother's eyes on Christmas morning were proof of its success.—Youths' Companion.



"Some generous person," said little Socrates Bulginbrow, of Boston, "has been kind enough to send me a copy of Mother Goose's lyrics for Christmas. Do you know, the theory that a representative of the bovine genus at one time leaped over the chief luminary of the night leads to some interesting calculations as to the muscular development of the cows of that time. I have ascertained that they must have been endowed with strength proportionate to that of the sea of the present day."

The Great Western Hotel

Colored

A la Carte Dining Room. First Class Accommodations Hack meets all trains. We invite our friends and the general traveling public to visit us when in Sapulpa.

E. D. GLASS Prop

104 N. Johannes St. Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

Oklahoma Auction Furniture Company

We pay Highest Prices for Second Hand Furniture of all kinds.—

We carry everything from a Go-Cart up to the finest Bed Room or Parlor Suit—Stoves, Heaters, Ranges (coal, wood, or gas) Cheapest place in town to buy New and Second Hand Furniture.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD HERE

207 E. 2nd Street

Phone 236

A. C. HAWKINS, Prop.

Tulsa, Okla.

HOTEL ALEXANDER

New and Elegantly Furnished Rooms

CAFE IN CONNECTION

OPEN AT ALL HOURS, SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY When In Tulsa We Solicit Your Patronage. We Give First Class Services

A. CARR, PROPRIETER

219 N. Greenwood

Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dick Bardon

The Pawnbroker offers 700 unredeemed OVERCOATS

Of the best tailor made Coats that money can buy also Stein Bloch, Hart Schaffner and Marx, Alfred Benjamin and Co., and many other good makes while they last

FROM \$3 TO \$10

200 Tailor Made Suits \$3 To \$10

400 Men's Odd Coats \$1 to \$2.75

MAIN STREET NEAR FIRST

Cavers French Cleaning, Dying and Hat Works

Why not save your money and clothes by sending your old Suits, Hats, Silks and Sattens to us WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF LADIES GARMENTS OLD HATS MADE NEW

Let us make your new suit and overcoat, we have 500 samples for you to select from. All work guaranteed. Phone us and our wagon will call to any part of the city. Office and Works 8 N. Cincinnati Phone 3132

THE GEM CAFE

We wish to call the attention of our many friends that of our many friends that we have a First Class Cafe at 607 E. Archer. Meals served in family style. Give us a Trial

MRS. JULIA TOUCHETT and MRS. DELLA WHITE Props

Santa Claus

Says:

Q A face wreathed in smiles is better than a mansion wreathed in holly.
Q Better broken toys than broken hearts.
Q Never look a gift object in the price tag.
Q Santa Claus by any other name would cost as much—and be worth it.
Q Do not be satisfied with wishing people a "Merry Christmas;" help make it one.
Q Lots of men put on long white whiskers and think they look like me when they look more like a goat—and perhaps they are.
Q If Willie wants to see what is inside the drum, for goodness sake let him.
Q You are living in God's own country. What more do you want for Christmas.
Q It is a wise Santa who keeps his whiskers away from the candles.
Q Keep up the "Good will to man" part of it right through until next Christmas.
Q It is more blessed to give than to receive, except in the matter of offense.
Q Fortunately for most of us, we won't get what we deserve on Christmas.
Q When Christmas giving becomes a necessity it ceases to be a virtue.
Q There is more joy in heaven over a ton of coal given to the poor than a ton of diamonds given to the rich.

Song of the Christmas Tree

By Gene Morgan

I come from northern forest lands Where men would tarry never. The seasons come, the seasons go, But I am green forever.

The flowers of spring bloom at my feet, The shadows always spreading. Near by there runs a forest path Where watchful deer are treading.

The summer passes all too soon, And autumn winds are chilly. Poor flowers, they wither, droop and die Amid the woodland hilly.



From every branch, sad tears I drip In rainstorm's fierce endeavor. The flowers may come, the flowers may go, But I am green forever.

Now hark! the woodman's ax is heard! A sister tree he's felling. What can this cruel destruction mean? The winter wind is telling!

"Do not bemoan thy mournful fate, Tho' axmen wield with madness. Bedecked in tinsel, bright and fine, You'll soon bring children gladness.

"Thou canst not die, although thy trunk Harsh hatchet blows may sever. Within the little children's hearts Thou wilt be green forever!"

The child who doubts about Santa Claus has insomnia. The child who believes has a good night's rest.